Mature 01

ta

成熟した聴衆

Contents: 01 Mature

01 Mature: Writing Submissions

X by writer

1. “Hard Reset” by Kaylee Bravo
2. “An INCIDENT” by Rudra Prajapati
3. Untitled by Judas M. Starling
4. “The Silence Inside” by Ilayda
5. “painting for eternity” by Zuriel Marino
6. “acquiesce (please dont)” by David Punzalan
7. “spilt sugar” by Mackenzie O’Connor
8. “the meadow puzzle” by Violet J. Clausen-Soir
9. “Bottle After Bottle” by Johanny Cabral
10. “Artistry” by Marissa Massacre
11. “The Voice That’s Always There” by Delilah F. Hodge
12. “Ensueño de algo que no fue” by Geanella Mirabá
13. “Words Woven, with Wisps of Wistfulness” by Carinne Zhou

01 Mature: Art

X by artist: Details

1. “Black Sorrow” by Archer: Cover
2. Untitled (1) by Adriana Pereira
3. Untitled (2) by Adriana Pereira

Editor’s Choice: “Needle Deep” by Elia Titmas

By trying to understand another's dark side, we are able to understand each other as a whole. **Total Awareness** gives a safe space for you to express dark thoughts, but never dwell. Through expressing oneself, one can find solace in their dark, never consumed. You won't do this alone.

01 Mature: Disclaimer

By choosing to proceed, you agree to seeing **some** sensitive content of the following: sexuality (lewd connotations), self-harm, suicide, mental health issues that may follow schizophrenic or atypical suggestions, medication, and similar themes. Go to Page 33 for more.

“Hard Reset”

Kaylee Bravo

Freshly green leaves shiver aggressively in the summer wind
Shaking, unbreaking underneath the soles of my wet cadet high tops
Though the cadet blue turns navy in the thunderstorm.
Turning my head towards the people sprinting and jumping over puddles,
I shove my mechanical head into the epicenter of the largest puddle

Sitting down right there, destroying all my technology, Chromebook in my schoolbag, sitting right
At the origin of the courtyard where the deepest puddle resides, making withering, robotic angels
At the origin of the system that slowly grows me hands of metal
Heartbeats of a titan and a chest riddled with clanky tools
That I now force to oxidize in the epicenter of charged rain

As the wires in my chest begin to spark with might
I stick my fingertips inside my titanium collarbone,
My fingers exit through the bottom of my bleeding torso
Comprised of circuits and soldered parts

I just want my electronic corpse to burn into ashes
Into another completely different chemical compound,
elements: a different soul

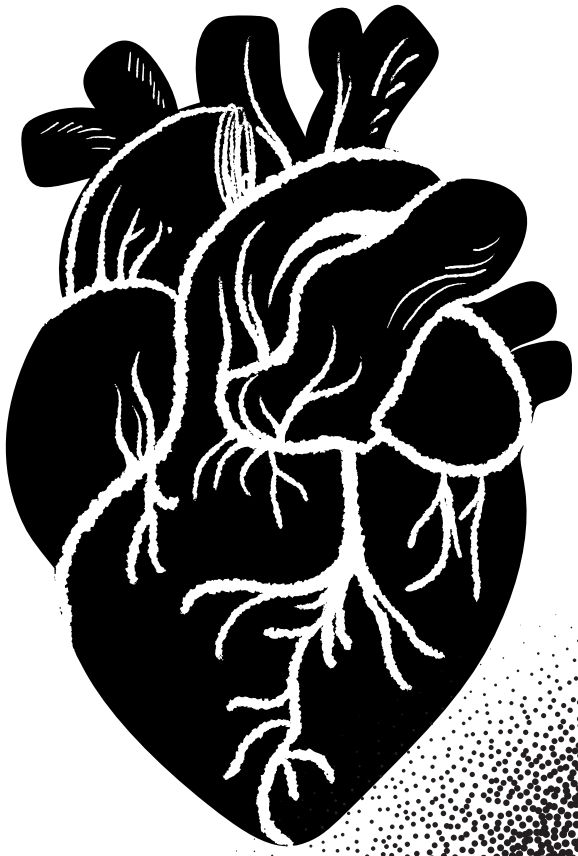
Swinging mother-head, I trudge on with spirit and
evaporating emotions, wishes past
My peers, walking, talking screens, while I mix blood, circuit,
and water

So, if there really is any blood left in my fried corpse,
I will extract it before my hard reset.

“An INCIDENT”

Rudra Prajapati

For a moment I lost my consciousness in the sky.
Questioning the one about that incident; asking why?
A mistake; naive yet disastrous; ruined my life.
Searching for the criminal; Found myself; Holding a knife.
A sweet poison; A cunning person; A Machiavellian.
Ripped everything I held dear; All torn apart. He became my villain.
A naive sapling fighting erosion. You ask if I ever tried?
I tried...
Disasters I survived.
To my loved I lied.
Sold my soul that cried.
A man in saint's hide
who lied
who tried
to leave me tied
to the sins I signed.
To the truth I was blind.
Kill the heart. Trust the mind.
For my soul left behind
I'd be a Man who's kind
so the others don't have to be lined
in the queue to be sold off their soul.



That was my new light, that was my goal.
A stone that was set to roll
to crush the man who stroll
in the darks as a mole
that feeds off my humanity
that steals off my sanity
that brought me calamity.
From the dark emerged light
That gifted me this might.
Crushing my fear through fight.
I found myself on the path of right.
The one to whom I asked why
hinted me from upon the sky.
The gift of the kindness I mold
is the very thing that I once sold.
The darkness and the dark still persists
but the bright of my light still shine
In a dark mine, besides the coal who sits
is I who became a Diamond, waiting to be mine.

Untitled

Judas M. Starling

Untitled

Judas M. Starling

Relapse is akin to revolution
My own subjects fight against me,
scratching at my brain welding it into what
it once was
Where I once sat upon a throne of mental
acuity
There now lies a blank space
My former greatness nothing but a myth
A whisper gone with the wind
Defiling myself
I hold onto the deranged idea that I was
once something great
But even that is naught as I sit in a locked
chamber gasping for breath
Witnessing the cruel execution of a kid who
wasn’t apt to bear a crown

“The Silence Inside”

Ilayda

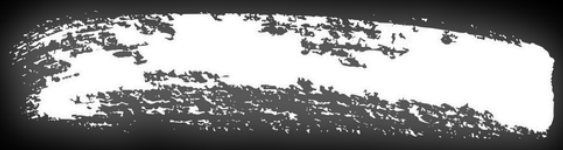
The world is loud, but I am quiet,
They laugh so free, while I just fight.
My smile is worn, a practiced art,
A hidden storm inside my heart.

They see the light, I feel the rain,
Carrying joy while I hold pain.
But even shadows speak in time,
And broken souls still learn to shine.

"painting for eternity"

Zuriel Marino

the brush makes clean strokes against the canvas,
delicate arcs, pivotal marks, all of them
made by her hand, while she
paints for eternity.



so many muses, so many people
worthy of her attention and craft
yet no one to see her for her beauty,
no one to tend to her longing of being someone's muse

they ask so much of her, to paint their lives
in the brightest of colors with the biggest of brushes.
she loves her craft, but wishes someone would love her
as much as they love the things she does.

so here she stays, painting for eternity,
waiting for someone to take the brush from her hand and say
you've done so much for others, now let others do something for you.

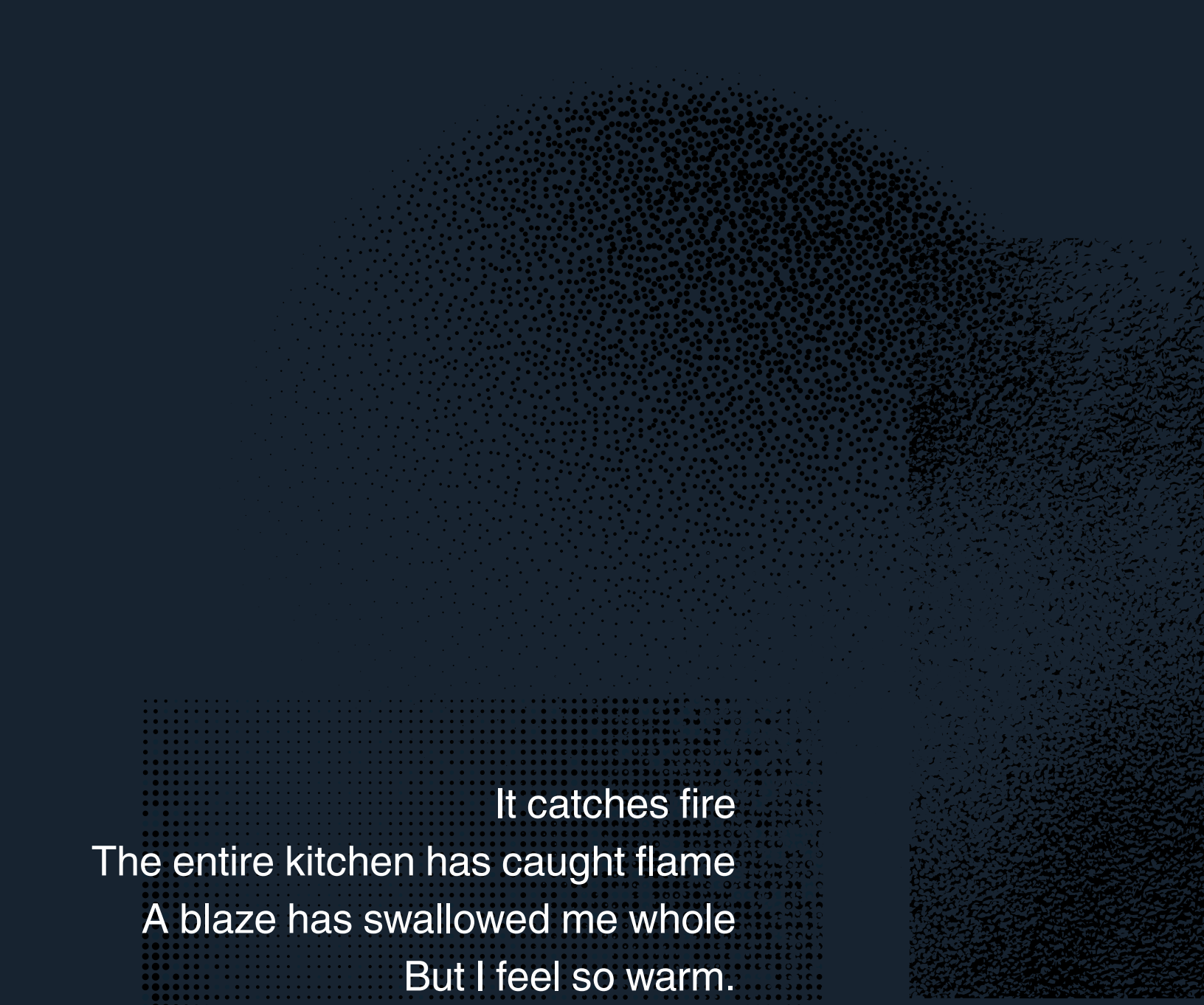
“acquiesce (please dont)”

David Punzalan

a gas stove burns in the corner of a dark-swept kitchen,
where heat dissipates into nothingness
and those blue flammules shiver
a uncertain hum
that says
they hesitate

a lonely person marinates in the beams of day outside
Where blinding days just coincide
and I surround myself with people
an amorphous crowd
Whose name
is friend

So, are you proud?
I’ve learned to open up
To people who aren’t you
But still, whenever I talk
They hesitate



It catches fire
The entire kitchen has caught flame
A blaze has swallowed me whole
But I feel so warm.
Still, you say those words
And that fire dies as silently as it came

I cry under layers and layers of blankets
Where love dissipates into brokenness
And my heart withers
I asked her if
she loves me.
She hesitated.

“spilt sugar”

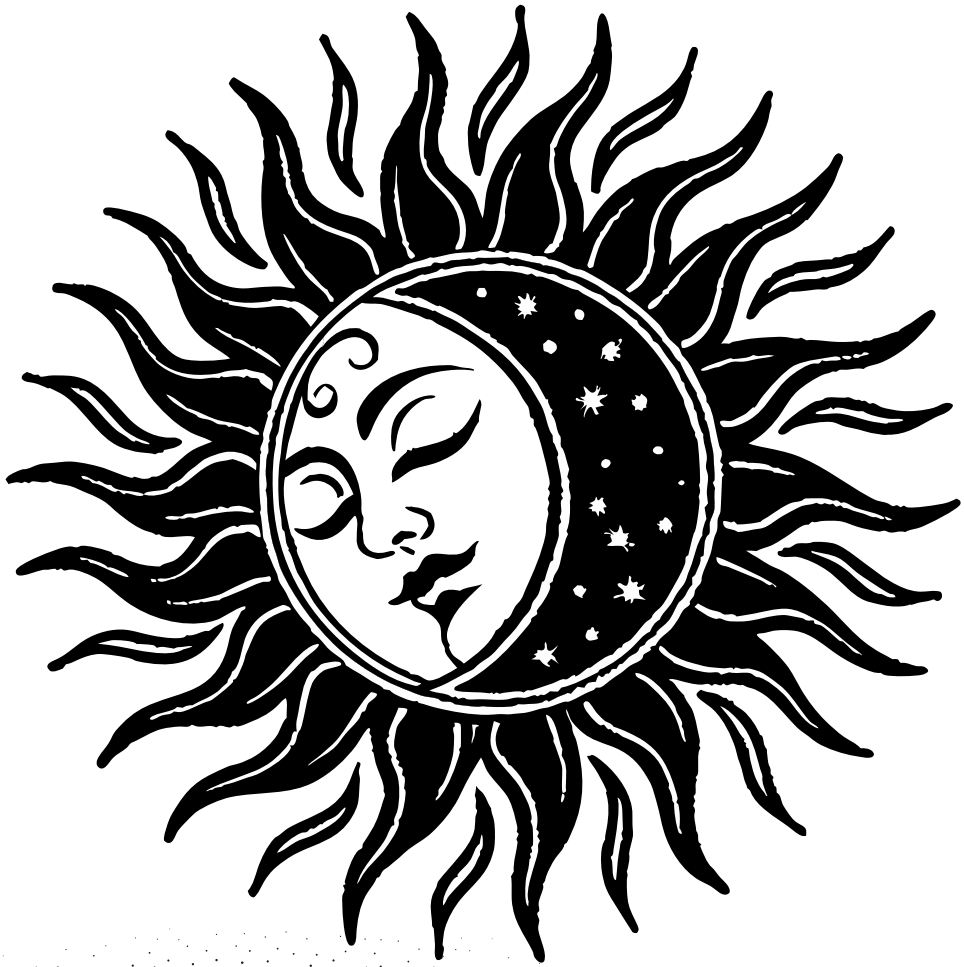
Mackenzie O’Connor

somehow,
even in Arctic winters,
you must trust the sun is still orbiting the Earth,
and I try.
I really do try,
but I am still eight,
crying to my indifferent mother,

about the sugar I spilt while making her coffee.

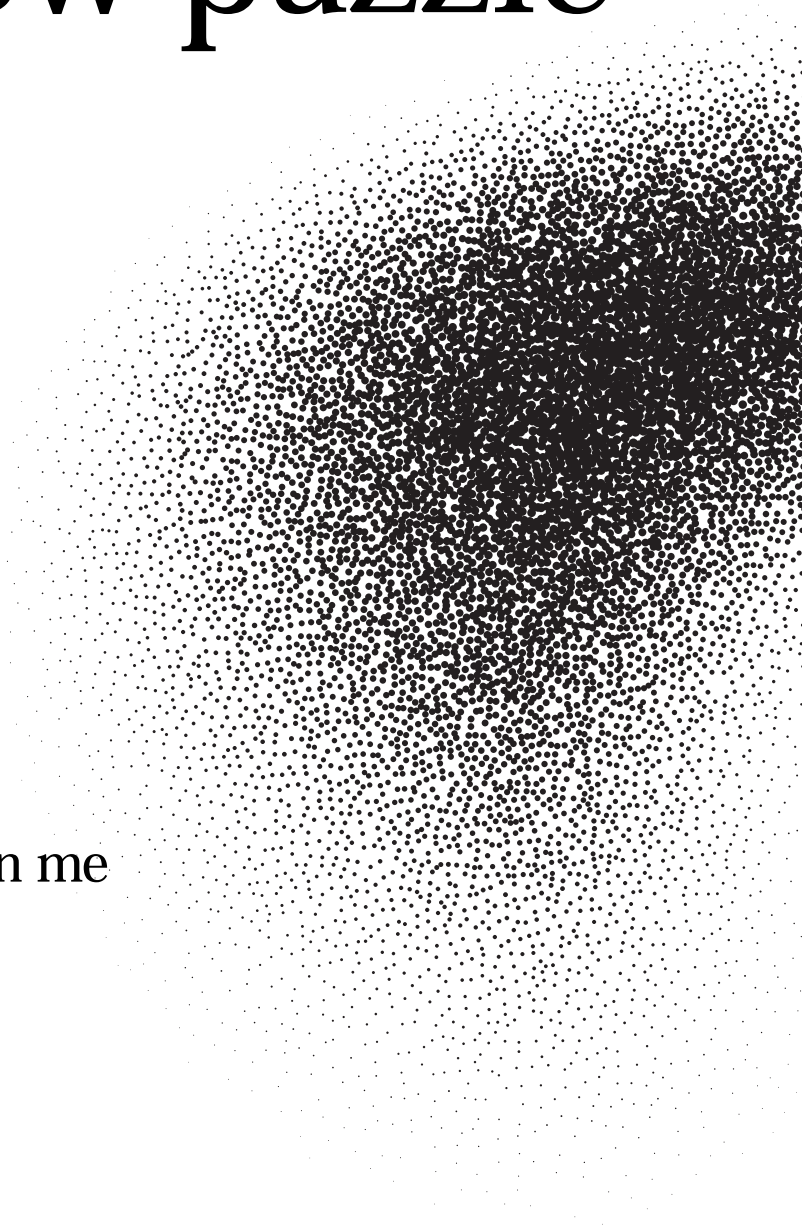
and exhaustion plagues,
everyday,
and days go by,
faster than years.
birthday after birthday passes,
but I am still thirteen,
crying to my unfazed mother,
about the fact my dad never really wanted me.

the Sun and Moon,
are beautiful,
maybe,
if I reached out.
they'd reach back,
pull me into an everlasting hug,
and offer me the comfort my mother never could,
in their celestial embrace.



“the meadow puzzle”

Violet J. Clausen-Soir

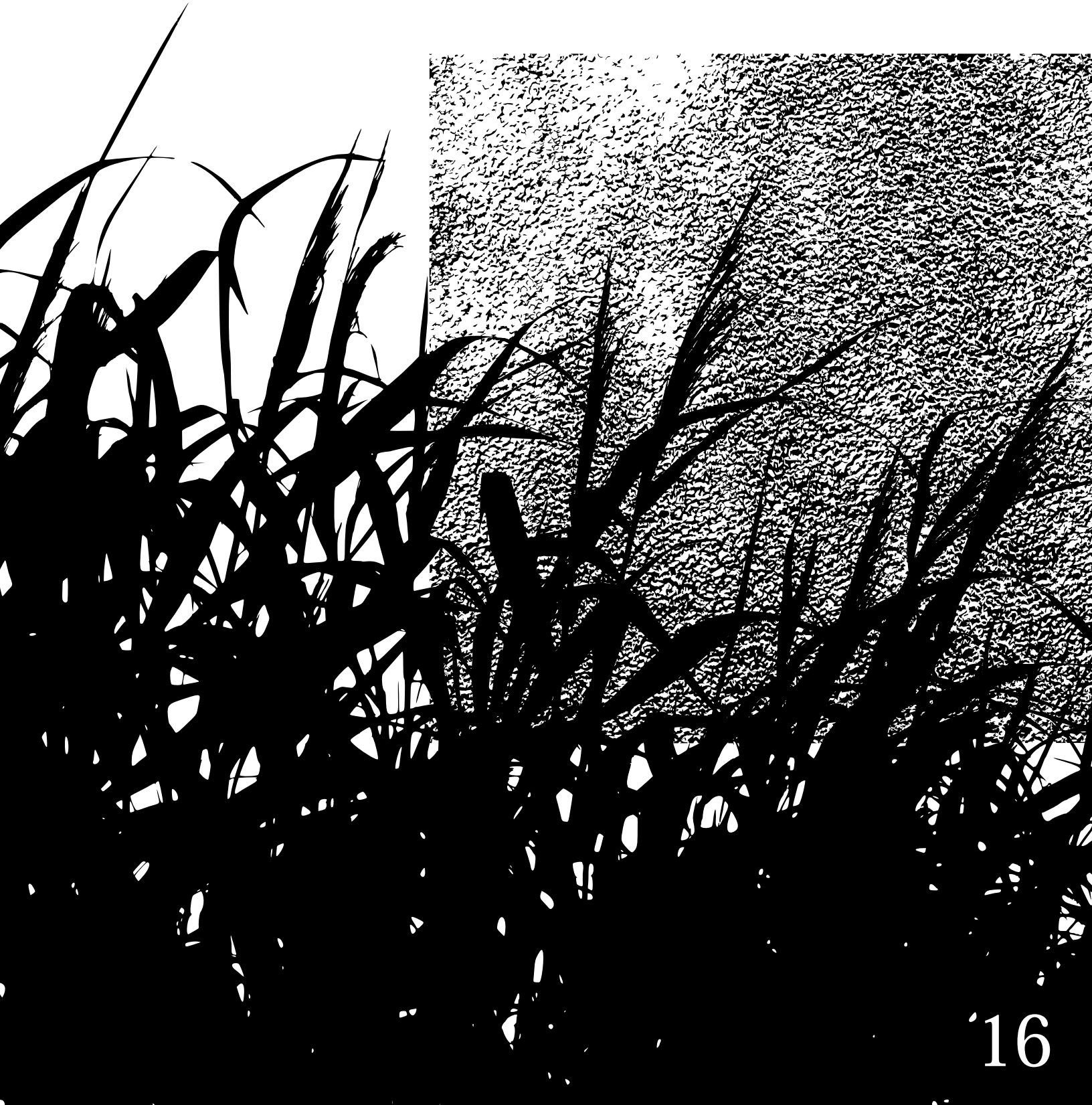


the meadow felt like a puzzle
a puzzle no one can solve
which path to take?
lost in my thoughts
lost in this place
struck.
thunder
great. there go more paths.
a blast of rain crashes down on me
soaking skin, soaking doubt
no clue which way to go.

studying this meadow,
every turn looks the same
like a loop I can’t escape.

am I meant to be here?
am I missing something obvious?
or is this how it’s supposed to feel?
tired.
cold.

staring at endless green
wondering if any direction is
better than staying stuck.
now what?
was this worth it?



“Bottle After Bottle”

Johanny Cabral

pill after pill
just to make me feel normal
“why do i have to do this?” i wonder
“couldnt i have prevented this?”
but i couldnt, it wasnt in my control
things that have been said
things that have been done
the world had punished me for something i havent done
finding happiness is like taking the sword out of stone
it doesnt budge, it wont move
it wont come to you
not now, at least
not until you make yourself feel better
so you take your pills
bottle after bottle

“Artistry”

Marissa Massacre

Everyone tends to look at the final product of an artist’s work and applaud but never look at the masterpiece that inspired it. The artist had to think or find something so beautiful to even get the idea, an artist’s greatest work comes from the mind and soul. You, my love, are my reason for writing. I’d write to you until my hands can bare no more and my mind is sore from every analogy, metaphor, and idea I have about you. You’re an amazing piece of art I’d love to admire: your green eyes are like oil pastels blending perfectly on a blank canvas blending together to make an abstract art that fails to compare to any other. Your skin is soft and pale like sculpted clay: your perfectly kissable lips were made from the softest of felt, your hair being the most perfect silk. You, my love, are an artwork that I think everyone should admire.

“The Voice That’s Always There”

Delilah F. Hodge

Adam and Eve are in the garden,
while I’m standing on the outside.
Draped in clothing fashioned from leaves,
they plant lavender bulbs,
while they speak with my name on their lips.

My mother warned me they wouldn’t let me in,
So I wait outside the garden in procrastination,
stuck in between the next world above and below,
Earth is the in between where I reside to lay my guilt down to rest,
Yet it still rises.
Down to rest on the typed words of the Bible I was gifted on my 11th birthday;
Leviticus 20:13.
Highlighted in yellow and the page bookmarked.
Delilah i.e. me: a vessel that hath committed
An abomination to man and woman for all to gawk.
Blood guilt upon me now;
I thank you, Leviticus.
Down to rest in between the cracks of the sidewalk where my mother diminished my true sense of being.
Her words, cutting me deeper than any locker room slur,
Carving a crucifix into my thigh,
Both of my Gods are winning.

Acceptance is rejection of my mother’s love and faith,
And if rejecting and rewiring the circuit board of my brain would do it,
If it could cure me of the incorrectly programmed code embedded in my brain, I’d do it.
If only I knew how.

How?

How can I do more than what I am capable of?
I am on my knees because god knows I'm terrible at pretending.

Allow me to drown in my mother's sea of pleas,
before I am granted entrance into the garden of Eden,
for I have already been swept away by the current; I'm too far gone.
Sea, swallow me.
Fill my mouth with water and let the salt sting my throat,
Let the water travel down and into my lungs so that the next time I take a breath:
my chest tightens,
and my brain finally can be at ease.
My mothers voice hammers at my brain,
reminding me I'll receive a punishment much hotter than the frigid depths of my self hatred for the love of women so sweet.
So Sea,
please do me this favor and swallow me whole,
and take away the uncertainty of my nature.
Preach to others from the confines of your pulpit that salt is needed to wash out the sweet.

Choke me with your rosary until I confess,
Let there be dents on my neck from the beads that mark me as a soul that has strayed from their path,
Let the smell of the rosary pea from which this necklace has been beaded with remind me of my place,
Stifle my voice and my thoughts and inject me with poise and grace.
Remind me that if I bite the beaded rosary pea that I shall be poisoned,
Poisoned worse than what I was before for refusing to repent,
The rejection of god and

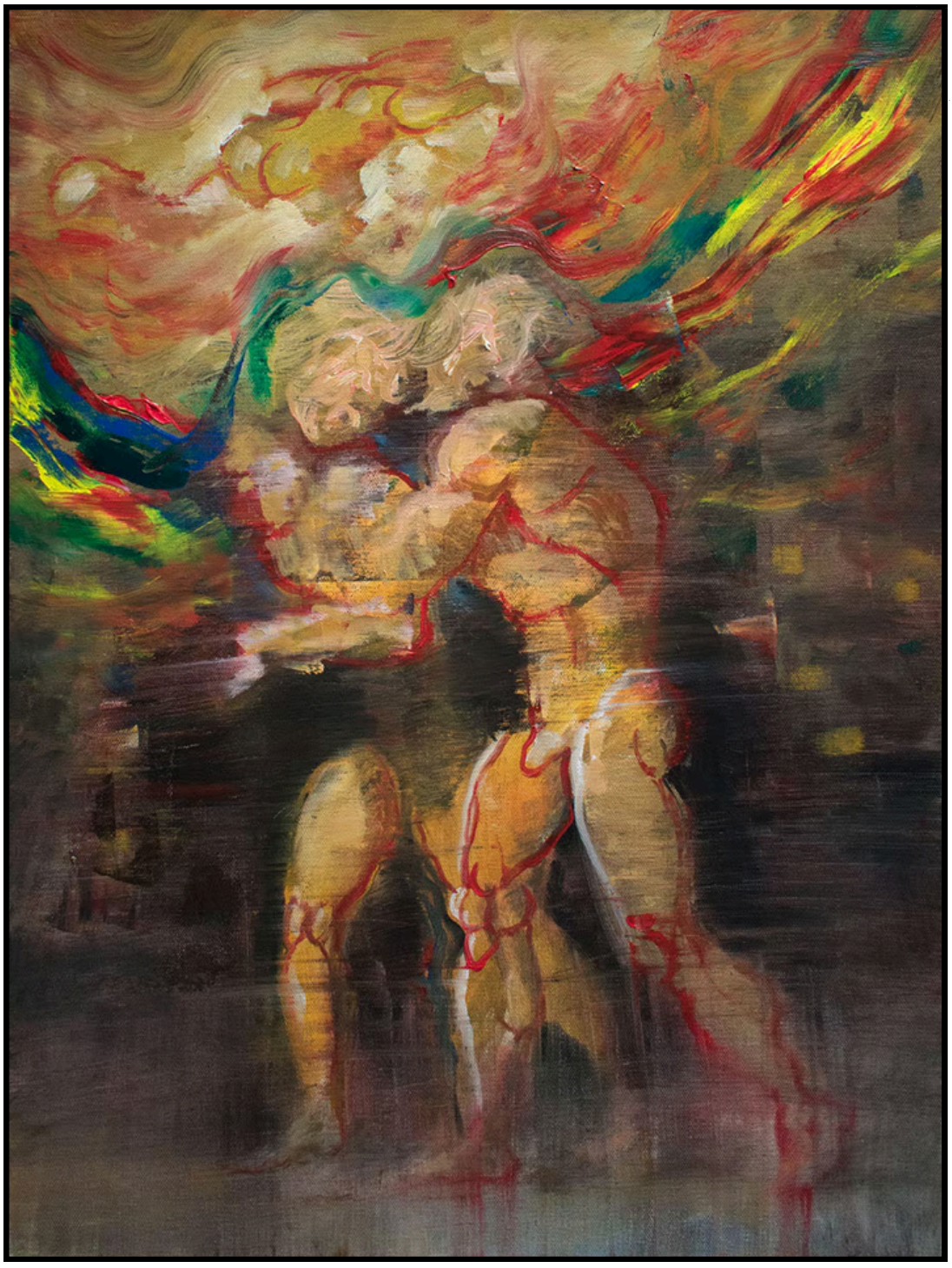
There it is again,
Acceptance is rejection of my mothers love and faith,
And
I'm willing to let this garden die.

Willing
to let my one chance of being granted entrance into the garden of Eden slip through my fingers,
the same way that sand does,
even when you'd cup your hands at the beach to hold onto it just a little longer,
Except my mother never cupped her hands to hold onto me
Just a little while
Longer.
I was the sand.
My love of women; granular imperfections.
My mother's disapproval; A furnace melting me down,
and then taking me out to cool in an attempt at glass.
It-
I-
The glass easily shatters
and gathers
once again into a pile of sand.
She'll continue to place me back into the furnace until she gets it right.

Hey Mom,
I didn't mean to write another poem about you,
Yet here I am again.
That's the funny thing about internal battles: they always come out.
It's okay.
You can leave.
Turn away from me and walk away.
I'll just whisper to your back that I love you like I've done everyday for the past 6 years.

I know you'd hate
for your queer daughter
to say
she loved you.

Adam and Eve are in the garden,
while I'm standing on the outside.
Draped in clothing fashioned from leaves,
they tend to flowering lavender,
while they speak with my name on their lips.



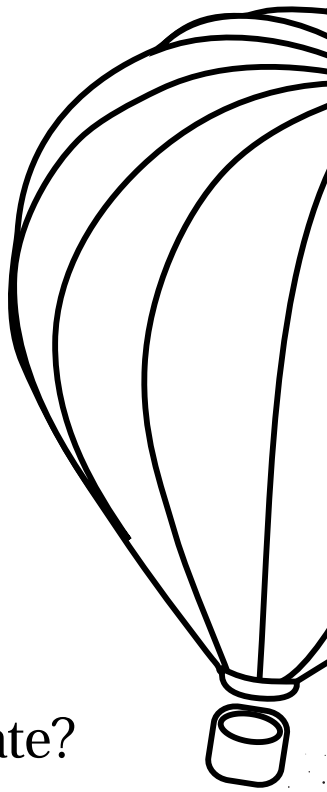
“Ensueño de algo que no fue”

Geanella Mirabá

A veces me quedo acostada, con la respiración entrecortada preguntándome ¿Qué hice mal? Tu ausencia me dejo una incertidumbre constante que nunca abandona mi corazón. Los recuerdos de los días donde solíamos ser solo tu y yo ahora son como un puñal en el alma, aquel futuro que juntos imaginamos se distorsiona tanto que no creo que pueda verlo con claridad en unos meses. ¿Qué nos pasó? Éramos tan felices juntos que podía jurarle a Dios que tu nunca te alejarías, ahora solo quedan los recuerdos de lo que fuimos y la nostalgia por un futuro que nunca fue seguro, que posiblemente nunca existió. Podría odiarte, podría culparte de todo y decir que esos defectos que solía abrazar con tanto cariño fueron los causantes de nuestro fin, pero no puedo, ¿Cómo podría? Eras, eres y serás la persona que más amo en este mundo, sin importar el daño, no te puedo guardar rencor. Ahora lo único que puedo hacer es llorar, abrazar lo que fuimos con tanto cariño y soltarte y aunque acepto que verte feliz con alguien más me destroza, puedo aceptar el hecho de que no eres mío.

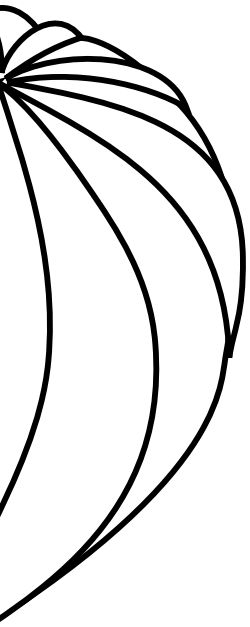
“Words Woven, with Wisps of Wistfulness”

Carinne Zhou



Would you want to plunge into pain-
For wisdom?
I’d be wary;
The warden won’t promise a thing,
but your perilous end.

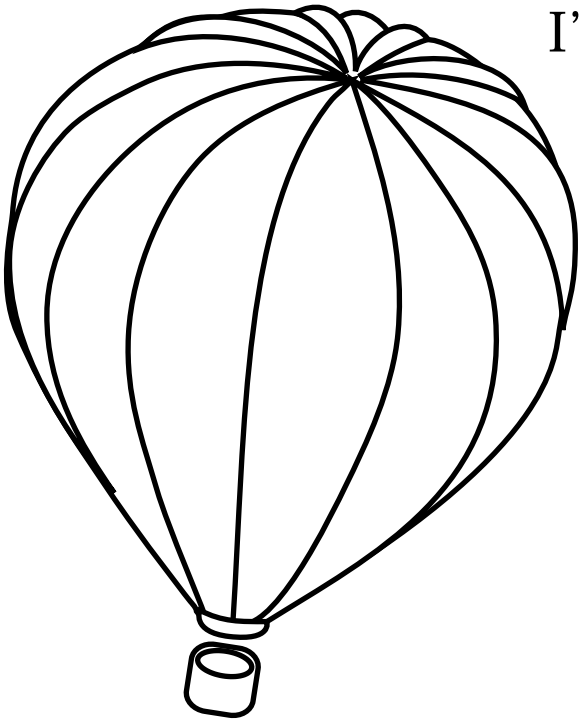
Would you want to wish to this star-
Burning past you, uncaring of your mortal fate?
I’d warn,
It’s wiser to wish to your fellow mortal ones
Than to an indifferent celestial body
Give it all away.



Or would you rather place your bets
In the hands of the solemn and defeated
Rage, desperate
need, loss;
Brought down to burn up-
Raising the hot air balloon higher and higher, then
finally falling
down;

We wonder of wands and written incantations
To surrender our souls, to sell it up to
Wretched wills of wristwatched winners,
With want,
Wont to warble in our wells-
Deeper and darker,
They’re farther and higher..

Don’t we tire?
I tire
of the wire wrapped around me
Metal digging into my skin
Unwillingly
becoming the cog, of the next air balloon—
in the mist;
I’ve lost my wits.



成熟した聴衆
01 Mature
Art

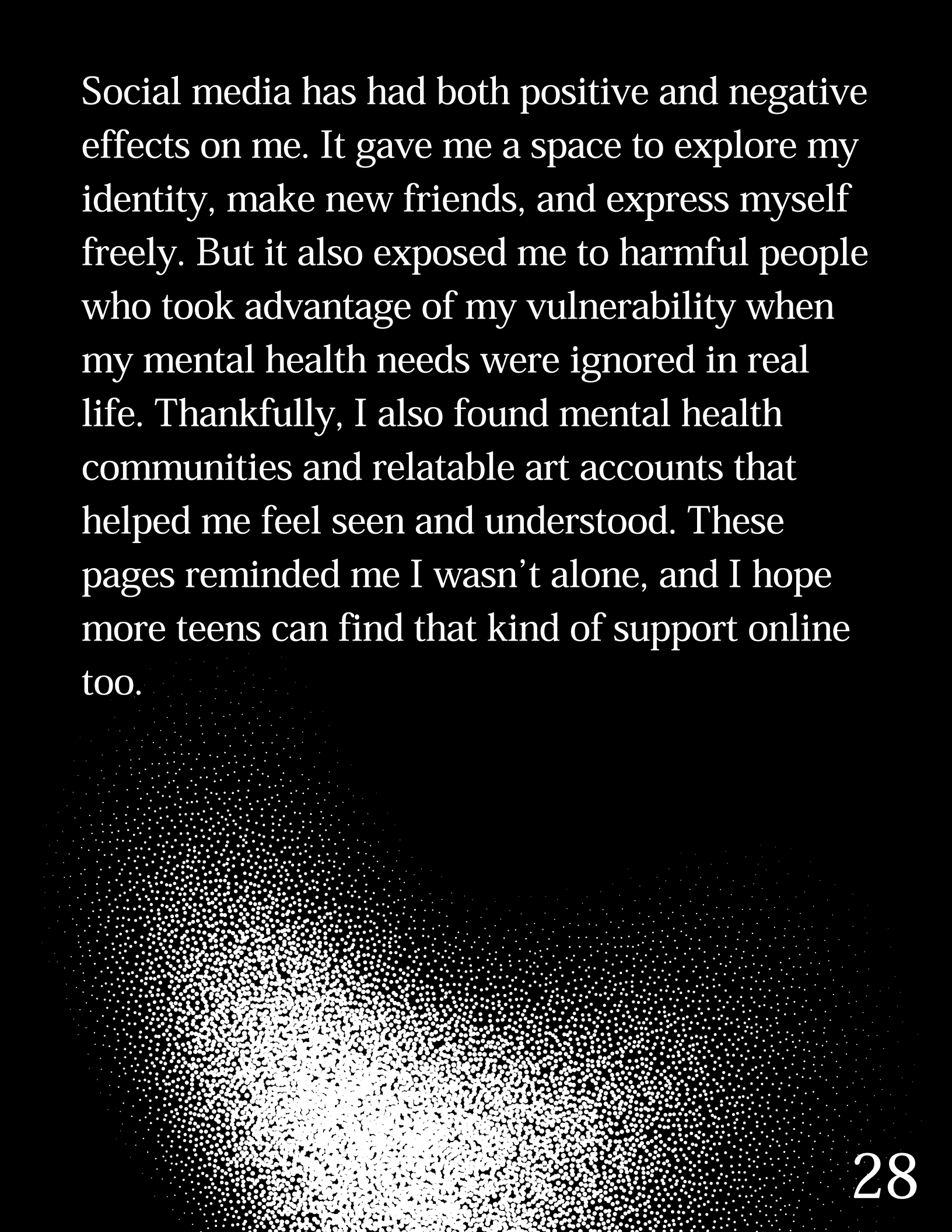
“Black Sorrow” Cover

Archer

成熟した聴衆

This song is called “Black Sorrow” from a series called “Alien Stage”. It’s originally in Korean, but I translated it into Japanese myself. This song brings me peace every time I listen to it, and there’s so much emotion in both the voice and the lyrics. Even though it’s considered a sad song by many, I find comfort in it because I can relate to the many meanings in the song, and it makes me feel understood.

Social media has had both positive and negative effects on me. It gave me a space to explore my identity, make new friends, and express myself freely. But it also exposed me to harmful people who took advantage of my vulnerability when my mental health needs were ignored in real life. Thankfully, I also found mental health communities and relatable art accounts that helped me feel seen and understood. These pages reminded me I wasn’t alone, and I hope more teens can find that kind of support online too.



Untitled (1)

Adriana Pereira

I used oil pastels for this, and I got my inspiration from seeing this photography of these bags used for forensic Investigations, and the concept of dissecting, selling parts of humanity is where I decided to go with it.

Untitled (2)

Adriana Pereira

I used acrylic paint, and I decided to make the actual swatching a part of the piece, emphasizing the actual plain void behind the subject. There is nothing else but what is shown.

Editor's Choice

"Needle Deep"

Elia Titmas

They say not to get tattoos too young—
"you'll regret it later."

I didn't listen.

I covered my skin with pictures you,
ink running through my veins,
memories etched beneath my flesh.
I let your love sink into me,
needle-deep, permanent.

But you're gone,
and the tattoos remain.

I scrub.
Harder and harder.
They won't come off.

Claw at skin with a broken glass
until I scream red.

Flatten my arm,
peel back its layers,
tear down the meat.

Using bleach as my soap,
boiling my flesh.

Blood pools, dripping down my arms,
heart pounding, desperate.
I can’t wash it away.

Now, every day, I stare at my skin,
a canvas that belongs to you.
Ink-filled blood carries you straight to my heart.
Stained.
I got tattoos too young.

Mature 01

ta

成熟した聴衆

Thank you for reading our first issue. This magazine is intended to provide a platform for individuals to share thoughts that are often considered taboo and cannot typically be expressed. By NO means do we encourage any behaviors harmful to oneself or others, and we strongly encourage talking to a mental health professional about any dangerous thoughts you have. **We are here for you.**

For any mental health or suicide crises, **please call 988** if you live in America, or find this page https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_suicide_crisis_lines for suicide hotlines in other countries.
Call 911 for any emergencies.